

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

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WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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Letter from Mr. Wise.

Gov. HENRY A. WISE, of Virginia, having been invited by a Boston Committee to deliver a lecture in Tremont Temple, on the subject of Slavery, has made the following admirable and cutting reply, which we find in the Richmond Enquirer of the 12th inst. We agree with the Enquirer, that "Mr. Wise has taken exactly the right position—one that should be followed out by every Southern man similarly situated."

ONLY, NEAR ONANOCK,
Accomack County, Va., Oct. 5, 1855.

GENTLEMEN—On my return home, after an absence of some days, I found yours of the 10th inst., "respectfully inviting me to deliver one of the lectures of the course on Slavery, at Tremont Temple, in the city of Boston, on Thursday evening, January 10th, 1856; or, if that time will not suit my engagements, you request that I will mention at once what Thursday evening, between the middle of December and the middle of March next, will best accommodate me."

Now, gentlemen, I desire to pay you due respect, yet you compel me to be very plain with you, and to say that your request, in every sense, is insulting and offensive to me. What subject of Slavery have you "invited lectures upon?" I cannot conceal it from myself that you have undertaken, in Boston, to discuss and to decide, whether my property, in Virginia, ought to remain mine or not, and whether it shall be allowed the protection of laws, Federal and State, wherever it may be carried or may escape in the U. States; or whether it shall be destroyed by a higher law than constitutions and statutes!

Who are you, to assume such a jurisdiction over a subject so delicate and already fixed in its relations by a solemn compact between the States, and by States which are sovereign? I will not obey your summons, nor recognize your jurisdiction. You have no authority and no justification for thus calling me to account, at the bar of your tribunal, and for thus arraigning an institution established by laws which do not reach you, and which you cannot reach, by calling on me to defend it.

You send me a card, to indicate the character of the lectures. It reads:

ADMIT the bearer and lady to the Independent Lectures on Slavery. Lecture Committee, S. G. Howe, T. Gilbert, George F. Williams, Henry T. Parker, W. Washburn, B. B. Mussey, W. B. Spooner, James W. Stone.

It is endorsed:
LECTURES at the Tremont Temple, Boston, 1854-5. November 23, Hon. Charles Sumner, Rev. John Pierpont, poem. December 7, Hon. Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. December 14, Hon. Anson Burlingame. December 21, Wendell Phillips, Esq. December 28, Cassius M. Clay, Esq. of Kentucky. January 4, Horace Greeley. January 11, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. January 18, Hon. John P. Hale. January 27, Ralph W. Emerson, Esq. February 8, Nathl P. Banks, Jr. February 15, Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio. February 22, Hon. Samuel Houston, of Texas. March 1, Hon. David Wilmont, of Pennsylvania. March 8, Hon. Charles W. Upham.

All Honorables and Squares, except those who are Reverends! The Card does very fully indicate their characters by simply naming them. And your letter, gentlemen, is franked by "C. Sumner, U. S. Senator." With these characters, I am at no loss to understand you and your purposes.

You say, "during the next season, a larger number of gentlemen from the South will be invited, and I regret it, if any others can be found in the slave-holding States to accept your invitation."

You plead the example of Gen. Houston. It is the last I would follow. I have no doubt that you accorded very respectful attention to him last winter, and were very grateful for his services in your cause.

You offer "one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid to the lecturer, he bearing his own expenses." Let me tell you that Tremont Temple cannot hold wealth enough, to purchase one word of discussion from me, there, whether mine, here, shall be mine or not; but I am ready to volunteer, without money and without price, to suppress any insurrection, and repeat any invasion which threatens or endangers the State Rights of Virginia, or my individual rights under the laws and constitutions of my country, or the sacred Union, which binds Slave States and Free together in one bond of National Confederacy, and in separate bonds of Independent Sovereignty!

In short, gentlemen, I will not deliver one of the lectures of the course on slavery, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston, on Thursday evening, January 10th, 1856; and there will be no Thursday evening between the middle of December and the middle of March next, or between that and to-morrow, which will best accommodate me, for that purpose.

I give you an immediate answer, and, at my earliest convenience, indicate to you that "the particular phase of the subject" that I will present is, deliberately: TO FIGHT BY MEANS.

Yours obedient servant,
HENRY A. WISE.
To SAM'L. G. HOWE, Phys. and Sup't. Blind Inst.
JNO. M. CLARK, High Sheriff.
SAM'L. MAX, Merchant.
PHILIP SANFORD, Ex. Treasurer State.
NATH'L B. SHURTLEFF, Phys. and Antiquarian.
JOSEPH STORY, Pres't. Com. Council.
THOS. RUSSELL, Judge.
JAS. W. STONE, Phys.

The Passing Year.

From the old woods, dim and lonely
Comes a moan;
There the winds are sighing only—
Summer's gone!
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the summer's latest flowers,
Are added now;
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves,
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tell us Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning,
Through the vales;
Mournful tales
Of decay that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow, that like a feather
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of death is sighing,
Over all the rippling streams;
And the Summer's lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

How to make one Farm equal to Three.

G. T. Stewart, Esq., in a recent address before the Ohio Agricultural Society, thus speaks on this subject:

Many farmers are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow work. As they find that their crops are diminishing, they think only of extending their acres of surface, as they suppose their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields, they will soon realize, in three-fold crops, the fact that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had only one; in other words, that the subsoil, brought up and combined with the top soil, and enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will teach them to apply to their ground, will increase three-fold the measures of its productiveness.

To show to what extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to a statement in the last Patent Office Report. In the year 1850, there were nine competitors for the premium corn crops of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated ten acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time, the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvest of Great Britain, on soil cultivated for centuries, was about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they do not, by every means in their power, to enrich their ground, and in return it enriches them. If our farmers, instead of laboring to double their acres, would labor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and soil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging ten inches into the soil unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hidden in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold without the aid of dreams or divination.

We have great advantage over British farmers in the fact that our farmers own nearly all the lands which they cultivate in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants hiring the land of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to the government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own land lords. Hence, they have been able to pay three-fold wages for labor to those in Europe, and the cost of transportation, and yet undersell the British farmers in their own market.

How to do up Shirt Bosoms.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following receipt:

Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then having covered it, let it set all night—in the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of freshness when nothing else can restore them after washing.

To make good Apple Jelly.—Take apples of the best quality and good flavor, (not sweet,) cut them in quarters or slices, and stew them till soft; then strain out the juice, being very careful not to let any of the pulp go through the strainer. Boil it to the consistency of molasses; then weigh it, and add as many pounds of crushed sugar, stirring it constantly till the sugar is dissolved. Add one ounce of extract of lemon to every pound of jelly, and when cold, set it away in close jars. It will keep for years. Those who have not made jelly in this way will do well to try it; they will find it superior to currant jelly.

The right time to plant Fruit Trees.—Which is the best time to transplant fruit trees? This is a question that is often asked. The best practical horticulturists agree that the best season for transplanting is the fall of the year, soon after the trees have shed their leaves; for in autumn the root of the tree is entirely dormant, and there is no action of sap in any part of the tree; and a tree transplanted in a dormant condition will experience very little if any check from its removal. Some time in the month of January the roots of trees put forth numerous little fibres, which gather nourishment for the tree, and consequently will give it an early start in the spring of the year. Without the nourishment afforded by these fibres, the tree is likely to perish; and if it lives, its growth will be greatly retarded. By all means transplant in the Fall, fruit as well as shade trees, if you wish to ensure successful planting, and save the trouble of a second trial.

A Little too Punctual.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamer from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newboys, fruit vendors, caymen, and deck-lookers, were assembling on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and lacy vest. He stood near the starboard paddle box and scrutinized sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, reappearing on board almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operation he performed several times after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly, ejaculating—

"What's the time er day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? What's the cap'n's whar's the steward? whar's the mate? whar's the boss that owns the ship?"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stopped still for a moment.

"Haint seen nothin' of a gal in a blue bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl, (cost \$15.) pink gown and brown boots, ch! come aboard whar I was lookin' for the cap'n! at the pint end of the ship—have ye, hey?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightning!" she's my wife! he screamed; "married yesterday." All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple. The darnd black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage any how. My wife, only think on't, was to come aboard at half-past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped? What don't think she's been abducted, do ye, mister? Speak, answer, won't ye? Oh! I'm revin' distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship ahoy?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will be rung in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so? Whar's the cap'n?"

"That gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the captain's side.

"Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't ye? I can't do it, sir."

"But ye must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye take?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give ye tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give you five dollars and a half, and a half and a half, and a half, and a half, he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony like a mad jockey on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain shortly, and turned away.

"Oh, you sunny hearted heathen!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Parin' man and wife, and we just one day married!"

At this moment the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the walking-beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric in its centre. All who were not going to New Haven were ashore.

The hands began to haul in the gang-plank. The last was already cast loose.

Leggo the plank! roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll leave ye to the dock!

"Yo! yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there'll be an ugly spot of work!"

Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake, to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

We put it under the head of our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant, and blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy.

It was my love, "dearest, sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had broken off here. But no, some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes love, ain't it nice."

"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky, suggested my wife."

"O, no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding?" exclaimed my wife, while her lips slightly curled with contempt.

"Husband—this is really too bad—plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding sir!" and my pretty wife brow furrowed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry, I'm sure it's very good, it is bread pudding."

"You mean low wretch," fiercely replied my wife in a higher tone, "you know it's plum pudding."

"Then ma'm, it is so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding," shrieked my wife, as she buried a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding!" gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smashing across my head.

"Bread pudding!" we groined in a rage as the chicken left our hands, and flying with swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray div took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of bees landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cries. "Plum pudding!" she shrieks with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones, came up, from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding!" in rapid succession, the last cry growing fiercer, till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper. "Plum pudding!" resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when thank Heaven we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

How the Mayor of Brooklyn was Sold.—The other night our worthy Mayor was roused from his slumbers by a stunning ring at his door. Ever awake to the call of duty, the Mayor speedily projected his head out of the window and demanded to know the cause of such a tumultuous commotion at such an unwelcome hour.

Some one on the door step: "Mr. Mayor will you step down a moment?"

Mayor—Will not to-morrow morning do as well?

Bell Ringer—No—for Heaven's sake come down—it is a matter of great importance.

Our kind-hearted Mayor, without waiting to increase his stock of clothing, hastens down stairs and opens the door.

"Well, my friend," said he, "step in and let us know what is the matter."

"Wh-wh-y you see, Mr. Mayor," was the response, I I got into (hiccup) sm'ling of a (hiccup) se-se-craps. I've got some (hiccup) enemies you k-know (hiccup) and they m-may use it (hiccup) injure my re-reputation. They say-say (hiccup) I'm d-drunk, now wh-what do you think I (hiccup)?"

Bel Ringer—(somewhat disgusted)—What do I think?

Mayor—Yes, (hiccup) I know they lied (hiccup) and to save my reputation, I've called on you to (hiccup) bear w-witness that I am as sober (hiccup) as ever a man was in his life. Ain't it so, (hiccup) old boy?

Von Sweitzel on Politics.

"Mine neighbor, Wilhelm, vot you tink of bolitics, hey?" asked Peter Von Slug of his neighbor Von Sweitzel, the Twelfth Ward Blacksmith, last evening, as he seated himself beside him in a "Berth."

"I tinks much," said Sweitzel, giving his pipe a long whiff.

"Vell, vot you tinks?"

"I comes to der conclusion dat bolitics is one big fool!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a draught from his mug, "how you make him dat?"

"Vell, mine friend, I tell you, replied Sweitzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, 'I come to dish place ten years last evening by der Dutch Almanac, mit mine blacksmith shop. I builds fine little house, I poos up mine bellers, I makes mine fire, I heats mine iron, I strikes mit mine hammer, I gets plenty of work in, and I makes mine moonshin."

"Dat is goot," remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be re-filled.

"I say that I made much friends," continued Wilhelm, re-lighting his pipe. "Der peebles all say, Von Sweitzel bes a good man; he blows in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he mind his business. So dey spraken to me many times, and it make me feel much goot here," slapping his breast.

"Yaw, yaw, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

"Vell, it goes long dat way tree year. Tree? Let me see, von year I make tree hoondree tollar, der next tree hoondree an' fifty, der next four hoondred and swonzy, and der next five hoondred tollar. Dat make five year. Vell, I bes here five year when old Mike, der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me, and he say—'Sweitzel, vat make you yerk so hard?'—'To make monish,' I dell him. 'I dell you how you makes him quicker as dat,' he say. I ask him how, an' den he tells me to go into bolitics an' get big office. I laugh at him; ven he tells me dat Shake, der lawyer—vat makes such burtly speeches about Federalism—bees agoin' to run for Congress, an' dat Shake, der lawyer, dell him to dell me, if I would go among der peebles an' dell them to vote mid him al der while, he would put me in von big office, where I makes twenty thousand tollars a year."

"Twenty thousand! mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yaw, twenty thousand! Vell, by shinks, I shust stops der striking, an goes to mine friends, an' all der Germans vote for shake, and Shake bes elected to der Congress."

Here Myneer Von Sweitzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, puff'd his pipe in deep meditation.

"Vell, mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume, "vat you do den, eh?"

"Vell, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchman, for der office, and he dell me I gets him de next year. I waitt ill alter der next krount making time, an den I say agoin, 'Mike, ven vill Shake give me dat twenty thousand dollar office?' 'In two year, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der barty.' Vell, I stop blowin' with my bellers agin, an' I blow two year for der barty mit mine mou't."

"Two year mit your mou't!" asked Pete in astonishment.

"Yaw, two year. Den agoin I go to Mike, der swellhead watchman, an' dell him der twenty thousand tollar about, an he tells me in won more year I gets him sure. I dinks he fools me, yet I blow for der barty anudder year, an' den vat you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy, you gets him twenty 'ousand tollar?"

"Gots him! Py shinks, Mike, der swellhead watchman dell me I bes von big toll, and dat I might go to der bid place, an' ent sourkrou't."

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw. Sure my name bes Von Sweitzel." "Alter you do der blowing mit your mou't for der barty?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! vat you do den, mine neighbor?"

"I makes a fire in my blacksmith shop, I blows my own bellers agin, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mine own hammer. I say to myself, 'Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, bolitics bes a humbug and bolitics bes a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, do yer bolition and let bolitics be der der!'"

Neighbor Pete thought he had come to a wise conclusion, and after wishing all sorts of bad luck to bolitics, or that class of men whose patriotism and integrity lie in their pocket, they ordered their augers to be again refilled, and changed the topic of conversation.

VOTE OF ALABAMA.—We give below the following vote of Alabama, at the election in August last, for Governor:

Winston (Democrat)	43,658
Shortridge (Know-Nothing)	32,162
Winston's majority	11,496

MELANCHOLY.—We learn that old Mr. Jonathan Mickle, father of our contemporary of the Chester Standard, several days ago left home for the purpose of going to church. He was missed, and nothing more heard of him, until on Tuesday, some persons attracted to the spot by the number of buzzards flying over it, found there his lifeless body.

Mr. Mickle was advanced in years, honest, upright, and temperate in all his dealings with his fellow-men.—Winnsboro' Register.

THE WHEELER SLAVE CASE.—Judge Kane delivered an opinion on the 12th instant, adverse to the reception of the petition of Jane Johnson to quash the writ of habeas corpus in the case of Passmore Williamson, pronouncing her to have no status in the Court, and the matter being entirely without his jurisdiction.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A few days ago, portions of the body of a female were dragged from a burning quarry in Blair county, Pa. It is supposed to be the body of a Mrs. Corrigan, wife of a farmer of that name, who has been arrested on suspicion of having murdered her, and then committed her body to the flames. He accounts for her absence by saying she has gone to Philadelphia.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We are told that the following conversation was overheard among the Volunteers of the Rio Grande. Scene, night.—Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the mud.

Volunteer 1st.—Jim, how come you to volunteer?

Volunteer 2d.—Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered—and besides, I like war! Now tell me how you came out here?

Volunteer 1st.—Why, the fact is, you know, I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because I like peace!

Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep.

A midshipman asked a Priest to tell the difference between a Priest and a Jackass. The Priest gave it up.

"One wears a cross on his back and, the other on his breast," said the Midshipman.

"Now," said the Priest, "tell me the difference between a Midshipman and a Jackass?"

The Midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was.

The Priest said he did not know any difference.

"Let me out! let me out on the steps!" sung out a specimen of Young America, about two years old, to his mother who was opposing all his efforts to get out.

"You'll go off the steps."

"No I won't!"

"Yes, you will!"

"No, I'll be d—d if I do!" he said.

FUN.—Bob, lower yourself into the well and halloo for help.

"What for?"

"To frighten daddy, and make some fun."

"Bob did as he was desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a lucky sapling. Distance five and a half feet."

A witty gentleman of this town, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone.

"If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all."

"O," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

"I say, Mister, how come your eyes so all fired crooked?"

"My eyes?"

"Yes."

"By setting between two gals, and trying to look love to both at the same time."

A lady who caught her magpie stealing her pickled walnuts, threw a basin of hot grease over the poor bird, exclaiming,

"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

Poor Neg, was dreadfully burned, his feathers came off, leaving his head entirely bare—he lost all spirits and spoke not a word for more than a year, when a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head.

The magpie appeared evidently struck with the circumstance. Hopping upon the back of his chair and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of his astonished visitor:

"Oh, you thief! you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"